

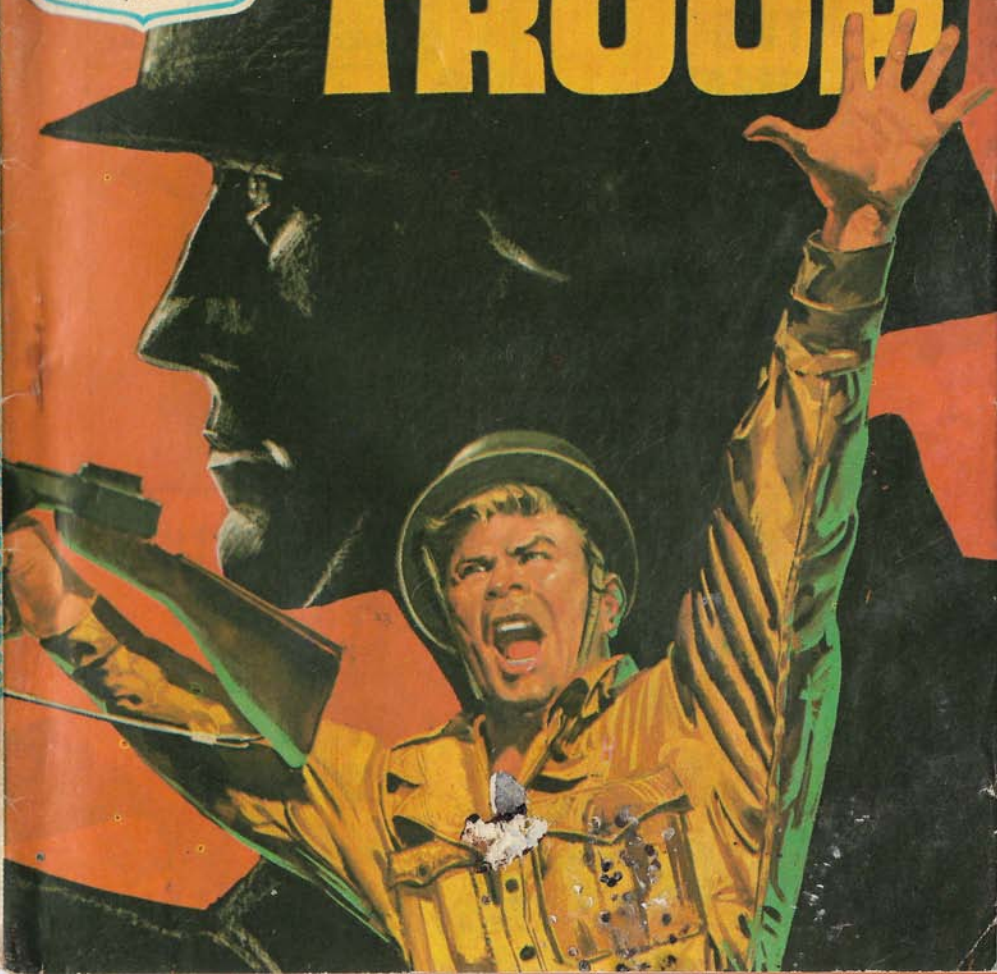
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STORM TROOP

BATTLE PICTURE LIBRARY - No. 1228 - STORM TROOP



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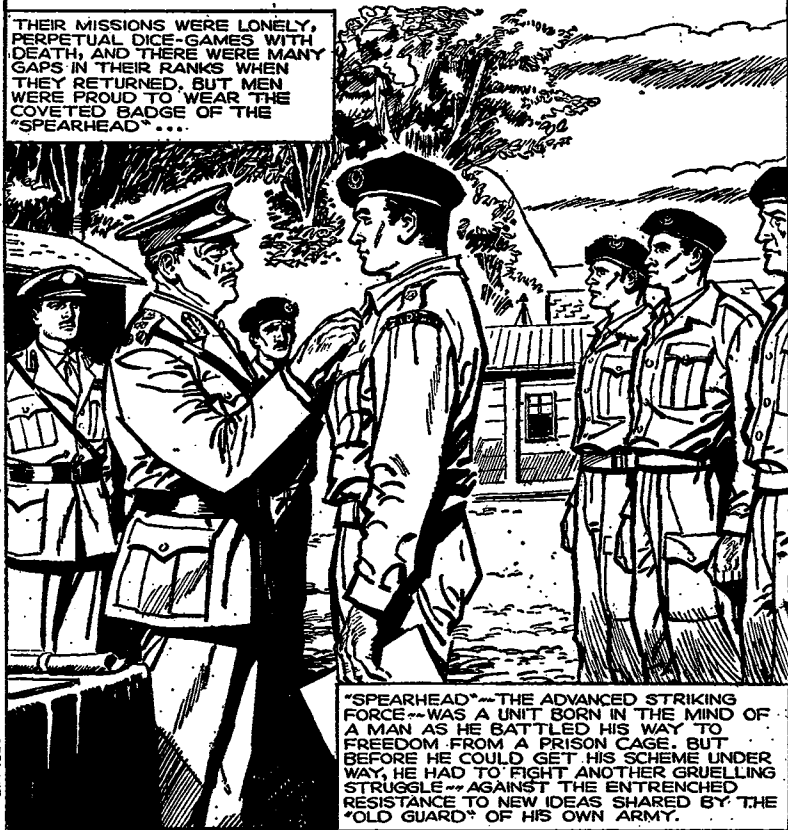
**THESE
TWO
GREAT
LIBRARIES
ARE ALSO
ON SALE
NOW !**



**EACH WITH
192 PAGES
PACKED
WITH
DRAMATIC
BATTLE
ACTION !**

STORM TROOP

THEIR MISSIONS WERE LONELY, PERPETUAL DICE-GAMES WITH DEATH, AND THERE WERE MANY GAPS IN THEIR RANKS WHEN THEY RETURNED, BUT MEN WERE PROUD TO WEAR THE COVETED BADGE OF THE "SPEARHEAD"....



"SPEARHEAD"--THE ADVANCED STRIKING FORCE--WAS A UNIT BORN IN THE MIND OF A MAN AS HE BATTLED HIS WAY TO FREEDOM FROM A PRISON CAGE. BUT BEFORE HE COULD GET HIS SCHEME UNDER WAY, HE HAD TO FIGHT ANOTHER GRUELLING STRUGGLE--AGAINST THE ENTRENCHED RESISTANCE TO NEW IDEAS SHARED BY THE "OLD GUARD" OF HIS OWN ARMY.

Chapter 1. *Dash for Freedom*

THE GUARDS OF THE PERRINA PRISONER-OF-WAR CAGE HAD GROWN CARELESS, HAVING LOUNGED AROUND TOO LONG IN THE SICILIAN SUN. WHEN THE UPROAR BEGAN IN THE MAIN COMPOUND IT CAME AS A GREAT SHOCK TO THEM...



MAKING THEIR CIRCUIT OF THE OUTER PERIMETER OF THE CAGE, THE ITALIAN SENTRIES PASSED OVER A SMALL PATCH OF EARTH SEEMINGLY THE SAME AS ALL THE SANDY ROCK AROUND IT. BUT HARDLY HAD THE POUNDING BOOTS OF THE ITALIANS MARCHED ON THAN THE GROUND HEAVED OPEN IN THE HALF LIGHT.



NO-ONE HAD YET SUCCEEDED IN GETTING CLEAR FROM PERRINA CAMP. THERE WAS NO COVER FOR DAYLIGHT ATTEMPTS AND THE POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHTS SOON PINPOINTED THOSE WHO TRIED TO REACH THE COVER OF THE SCRUBLAND BARELY HALF A MILE AWAY AT NIGHT.

WHY DO WE BOTHER WITH THESE MAD INGLESE! LET THEM FIGHT ALL NIGHT IF THEY WANT TO!



KEEP IT UP, CHUMS! THEY'VE NEARLY MADE IT... AND THE EYTIERS DON'T SUSPECT A THING!

AS THE FAKE RIOT, STAGED TO DIVERT ATTENTION FROM THEIR ESCAPE, RAGED ON, LIEUTENANT MORRELL AND SERGEANT JOCK MACDONALD LAY FLAT UNDER THE THICK PROTECTION OF A SCRUB BUSH HALF A MILE AWAY...



WE'VE DONE IT, SIR! YOUR IDEA WORKED A TREAT!

WE'RE CLEAR FOR THE MOMENT, JOCK, BUT THE HEAT WILL BE ON AFTER TOMORROW'S ROLL CALL!

Storm Troop

THE TWO MEN WAITED MOTIONLESS IN THEIR HIDING PLACE UNTIL THE LAST SEARCHLIGHT BEAM HAD SNAPPED OFF INTO DARKNESS. THEN THEY SET OFF, HEADING FOR THE COAST. WHEN DAWN CAME, THEY STOOD LOOKING OUT OVER THE SEA... THE GREATEST OBSTACLE IN THEIR JOURNEY TO FREEDOM.

WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DOWN THERE BEFORE DAYLIGHT, JOCK! NOW EVERY ROAD WILL BE WATCHED!

AND EVERY BOAT, TOO, SR! WE'D BETTER FIND A WEE HIDIN' SPOT UNTIL TONIGHT!



AS THE HOT DAY PASSED, THEY LAY ON THE FRINGE OF A TOMATO FIELD, WATCHING THE SEARCH PARTIES GO PAST ON THE WHITE, DUSTY ROAD CLOSE BY...

THIS FOOL REFUSES TO SEARCH THAT FIELD, HERR LEUTNANT! HE'S AFRAID OF SPOILING A FEW PALTRY TOMATOES!



LET THEM GO, SERGEANT! CHASING UNARMED PRISONERS IS WORK FOR ITALIANS! WE SHALL KEEP OUR ENERGY FOR FIGHTING!

THE NAZI LEUTNANT WAS IN NO HURRY. HE LITTLE REALISED THAT THE TWO MEN HE SOUGHT WERE CLOSE AT HAND... AND WOULD BE EVEN CLOSER BEFORE MANY SECONDS HAD PASSED.



AS THE NAZI OFFICER TURNED TO ENTER THE CAR, MORRELL'S BRAWNY ARMS WERE ALREADY ROUND HIS NECK. JOCK THREW A HANDFUL OF DUST INTO THE GERMAN SERGEANT'S EYES...



Storm Troop

THE ENGLISHMAN AND THE SCOT HAD SERVED A HARD APPRENTICESHIP IN THE DESERT WAR. THE TWO NAZIS WERE STRIPPED OF THEIR UNIFORMS, TRUSSED AND BUNDLED INTO THE BACK OF THE CAR ...

THIS ISN'T GOING TO LOOK EXACTLY SAVILLE ROW, JOCK! MAKE SURE YOU HIDE THOSE TWO KRAUTS WITH THAT CAR RUG.



EVEN MORRELL WAS AMAZED AT THE EASE WITH WHICH HE COULD COMMANDER SUPPLIES, MASQUERADING AS A NAZI OFFICER. MEN DID NOT ASK FOR PAYMENT WHEN THE FUHRER'S MEN DEMANDED.

SEND YOUR BILL TO H.Q. / THOUGH WHY WE SHOULD PAY YOU FOR SUCH CATTLE FODDER I DON'T KNOW!

BARBARIAN TEDESCHI / CATTLE FODDER / AND THEY HAVE EATEN THE BEST WE HAVE!

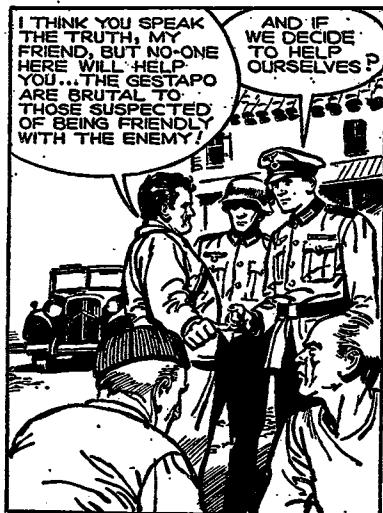


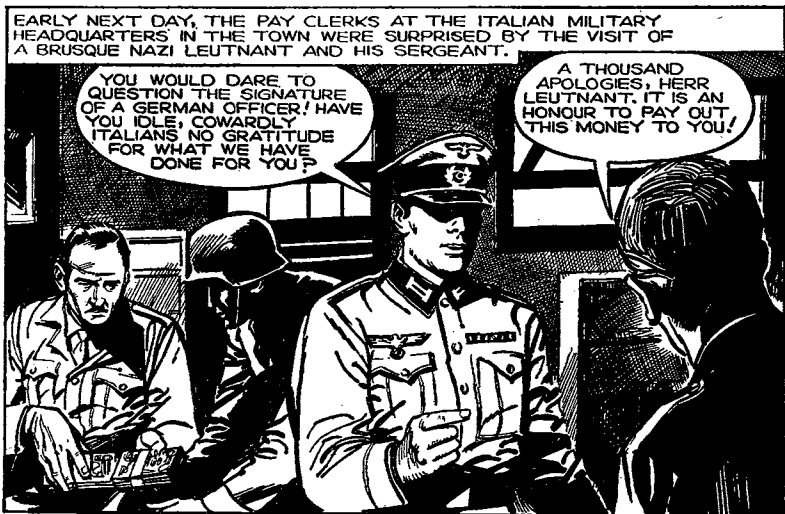


FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS THEY LIVED THE PART OF RUTHLESS, ARROGANT NAZIS. THEN MORRELL DECIDED THE TIME HAD COME TO TACKLE THE PROBLEM OF GETTING A BOAT...



ONLY THE MAN IN THE WIND-CHEATER MOVED AS MORRELL SPOKE. THE REST SAT RIGID WITH FEAR AND DISTRUST.





AS THEY LEFT THE CASHIER'S OFFICE WITH THE MONEY, JOCK MACDONALD HAD A SUDDEN URGE TO RUN FOR IT. BUT THE COOL SWAGGER OF LEUTENANT MORRELL RESTRAINED HIM.



WITH THE CASH SAFELY IN HIS HANDS, GILLO, THE SICILIAN WHO HAD BEEN TO NEW YORK, GOT THINGS MOVING QUICKLY.



A PART OF THE MONEY MORRELL HAD OBTAINED HAD GONE TO MAKE SURE THAT NO QUESTIONS WERE ASKED BY ITALIAN NAVAL PATROLS. THEY WERE WELL USED TO THE NOCTURNAL ACTIVITIES OF GILLO...



MORRELL ANXIOUSLY SCANNED THE DARK HORIZON, BUT THERE WAS ONLY THE FAINTLY LUMINOUS SPARKLE OF THE WATER AS THE SHARP BOWS SLASHED INTO THE CALM SEA...



SUDDENLY, MOMENTS LATER, THEY WERE BLINDED BY A POWERFUL BEAM OF LIGHT ...



BUT THE COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH FRIGATE WHICH PICKED THEM UP WAS CONVINCED HE HAD CHANCED UPON SOME SUBTLE PIECE OF NAZI ESPIONAGE. HE SANK THE MOTOR BOAT AND SET COURSE FOR BASE WITH MORRELL AND HIS FRIENDS PRISONERS...



IT WAS THEN THAT THE FIRST GLIMMERING
IN A OF "SPEARHEAD" BEGAN TO DAWN ON
LIEUTENANT MORRELL ...



MORRELL WAS SO WRAPPED UP IN HIS THOUGHTS THAT HE
DID NOT EVEN HEAR THE SCOTT'S JAUNDICED REPLY.





Chapter 2. Reluctant Volunteers

LIEUTENANT MORRELL CAME BACK FROM LEAVE WITH A NEW OUTFIT AND AN ICH TO TRY OUT HIS IDEA. BUT STRAIGHTWAY HE RAN INTO HIS FIRST OBSTACLE. THIS WAS HIS NEW C.O., COLONEL WYNN-GATE, AN OFFICER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

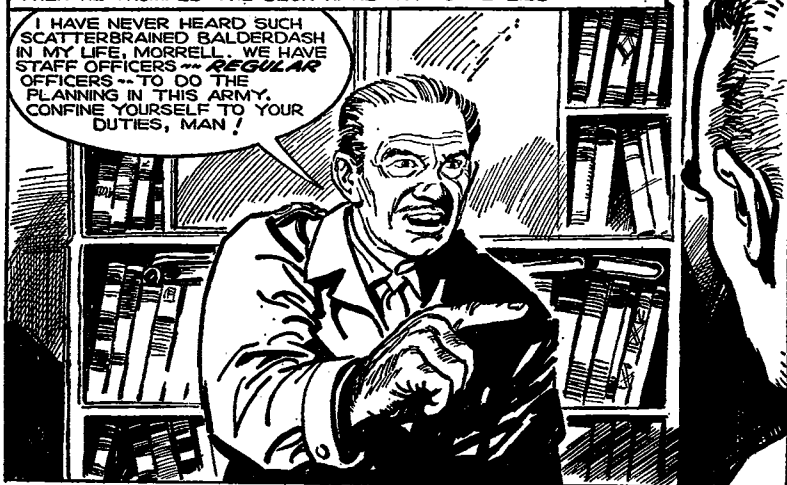


MORRELL FELT A TWINGE OF DISAPPOINTMENT AS HE SIZED UP THE COLONEL. BUT HE WAS IMPATIENT TO GET MOVING.



THE COLONEL LISTENED IN STUNNED SILENCE FOR FIVE MINUTES. THEN HE THUMPED THE DESK HARD ... AND REPLIED ...

I HAVE NEVER HEARD SUCH SCATTERBRAINED BALDERDASH IN MY LIFE, MORRELL. WE HAVE STAFF OFFICERS -- *REGULAR* OFFICERS -- TO DO THE PLANNING IN THIS ARMY. CONFINED YOURSELF TO YOUR DUTIES, MAN!

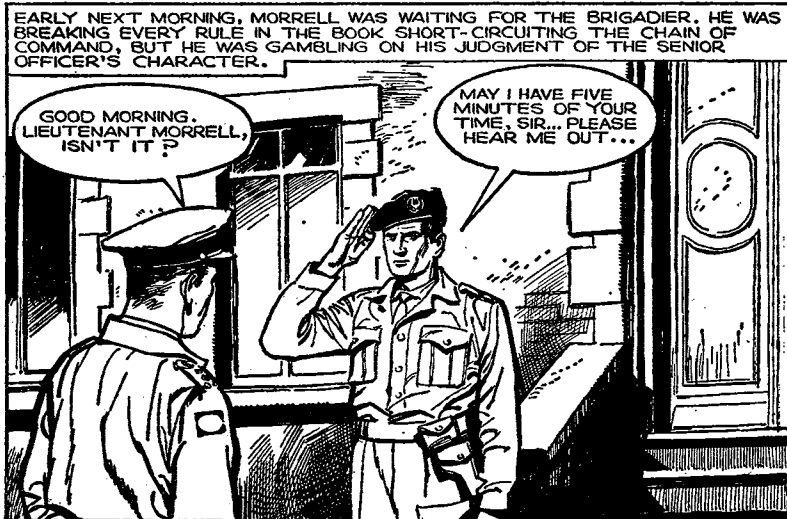


IN THE BUSTLE AND PREPARATION FOR THE INVASION OF THE ISLAND OF SICILY, IT SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE THAT MORRELL'S PLAN WOULD EVER BE HEARD BY ANYONE IN REAL AUTHORITY.

WHAT A CARRY ON! IN AND OUT THE PERISHIN' WATER ALL DAY...AND WE HAVE TO POLISH ALL BRASS AND METAL EQUIPMENT. IT'S BARMY!



THE BRIGADIER WAS INSPECTING THE COLONEL'S BATTALION ... AND THE COLONEL'S OLD-FASHIONED SPIT-AND-POLISH IDEAS WERE TO BE OF GREAT HELP TO LIEUTENANT MORRELL.



THE BRIGADIER WAS BY NO MEANS THE TYPICAL MILITARY MIND. HE WAS AN OXFORD DON, WHO HAD PROVED HIS BRILLIANCE UNDER WAVELL IN THE DESERT DAYS. HE HEARD MORRELL'S SCHEME... AND NODDED...

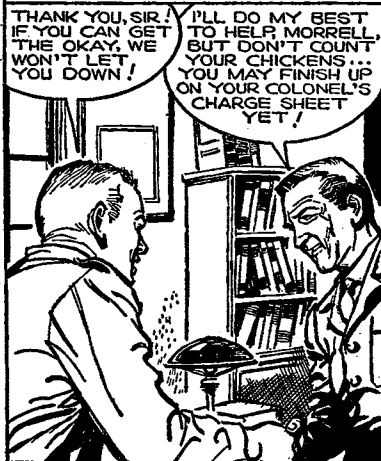
LIEUTENANT, I THINK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING! BUT DON'T BE TOO OPTIMISTIC... THE OLD BRIGADE STILL CARRY A LOT OF WEIGHT IN HIGH QUARTERS!



THERE WAS A LIGHT OF ENTHUSIASM IN THE STAFF OFFICER'S EYE WHICH MATCHED THAT OF MORRELL.

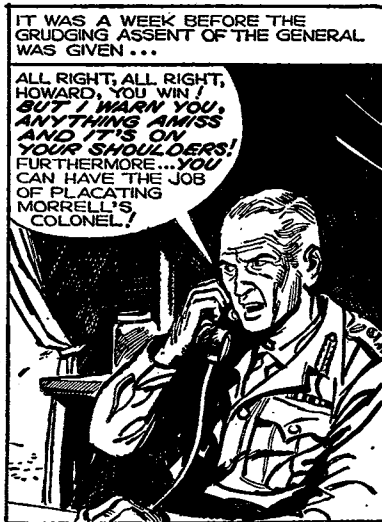
THANK YOU, SIR, IF YOU CAN GET THE OKAY, WE WON'T LET YOU DOWN!

I'LL DO MY BEST TO HELP MORRELL, BUT DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS... YOU MAY FINISH UP ON YOUR COLONEL'S CHARGE SHEET YET!



IT WAS A WEEK BEFORE THE GRUDGING ASSENT OF THE GENERAL WAS GIVEN...

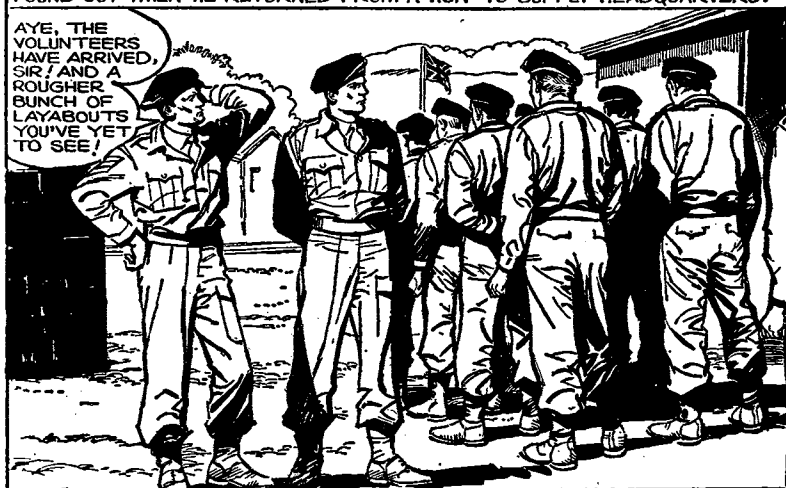
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, HOWARD, YOU WIN! **BUT I WARN YOU, ANYTHING AMISS AND IT'S ON YOUR SHOULDERS!** FURTHERMORE... YOU CAN HAVE THE JOB OF PLACATING MORRELL'S COLONEL!



BUT THE COLONEL'S INDIGNATION AT BEING BY-PASSED BY A MERE ENTEENANT WAS NOT TO BE SMOOTHED OVER BY SOFT WORDS FROM A PRIVATEER. THE COLONEL STILL HAD FRIENDS AND HE WAS PREPARED TO USE THEM...



THE COLONEL OF THE RESERVE BATTALION KEPT HIS WORD, AS MORRELL FOUND OUT WHEN HE RETURNED FROM A VISIT TO SUPPLY HEADQUARTERS.



AS SERGEANT MACDONALD INTRODUCED EACH MAN BY NAME, MORRELL FUMED AT THE TRICK THAT HAD BEEN PLAYED ON HIM.



BUT THE WORST SPECIMENS WERE AT THE END OF THE LINE...



SOME OF THE MEN WERE GLAD OF A CHANGE FROM THE DULL ROUTINE OF ORDINARY ARMY LIFE AND PITCHED INTO THEIR TRAINING WITH SPIRIT. BUT SOME OF THEM WERE SHIRKERS AND PRODGER AND WATERS WERE THEIR NATURAL RINGLEADERS.



LATER THAT DAY, THE GROUP WAS PRACTISING ROCK-CLIMBING. ONCE AGAIN JOCK MACDONALD FOUND PRODGER AND WATERS TRYING TO DODGE THE COLUMN ...







MORRELL FELT A COLD LOATHING FOR THE BULLYING PRIVATE.

WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, YOU'RE GOING TO STICK WITH THIS UNIT, PRODGER --BUT FIRST OF ALL I'M GOING TO SETTLE A SCORE. FOR THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES, FORGET I'M AN OFFICER!



THE BACK OF MORRELL'S HAND CRACKED SHARPLY ACROSS PRODGER'S FACE.

PRODGER LEAPT FORWARD WITH HIS MASSIVE ARMS FLAILING THE AIR. THERE WAS WILD HATRED IN HIS EYES.



MORRELL QUICKLY DODGED THE CRUSHING BLOWS AND IN A SPLIT SECOND THE UNGAINLY BODY OF HIS OPPONENT FLEW GROTESQUELY THROUGH THE AIR.



AS PRODGER SHAMBLED TO HIS FEET, MORRELL APPLIED A PAINFUL ARM LOCK ...



THIS IS JUST THE START, PRODGER!

AAAAARGH!

THE HARD EDGE OF MORRELL'S HAND CHOPPED DOWN
ON A NERVE CENTRE IN PRODGER'S BEEFY ARM...



THREE TIMES, THE HAND SWEEPED DOWN
UNTIL THE BIG MAN CRUMPLED, HIS
ARM HALF-PARALYSED ...

I'D REALLY GIVE YOU
THE TREATMENT, PRODGER,
EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT
A BIG APE LIKE YOU MIGHT
COME IN HANDY WHERE
WE'RE GOING, IF ONLY FOR
CARRYING AMMO!



WITH A CONTEMPTUOUS GESTURE, THE PLATOON COMMANDER PITCHED THE TERRIBLE BULLY AT THE FEET OF THE MEN WHO HAD DRIFTED AROUND TO WITNESS THE FIGHT.



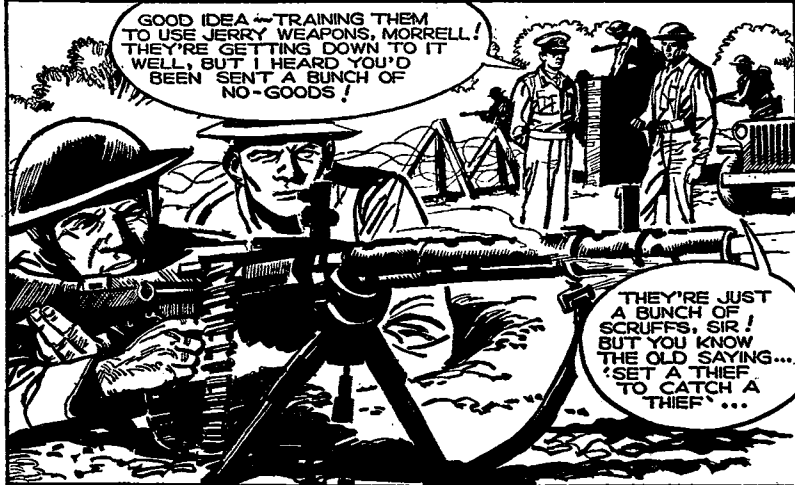
MORRELL WAS SURPRISED HOW QUICKLY THE UNIT REACTED TO THE EXAMPLE HE HAD MADE OF PRODDER. WITHIN A MATTER OF DAYS THE ATMOSPHERE WAS DIFFERENT...

I'VE GOT 'EM ON A SCROUNGING TEST FOR A DAY OR TWO, SIR! WITH WATERS TO GUIDE THEM THEY'RE DOING WELL ~~~ EVEN IF THEY'RE NOT VERY POPULAR WITH THE LOCALS!

THEY SEEM MORE IMPRESSED WITH FISTS THAN FANCY WORDS, JOCK!



HAVING BACKED MORRELL ALL THE WAY, THE BRIGADIER WAS JUST AS ANXIOUS AS THE JUNIOR OFFICER TO SEE THE EXPERIMENT SUCCEED.



Chapter 3. *Rough Landing*

THE BLUE SIGNAL LIGHT OF THE NAVAL ESCORT GRADUALLY GREW FAINTER IN THE BLACK, HEAVING SICILIAN SEA. THE "SPEARHEAD" UNIT WAS ON ITS OWN!

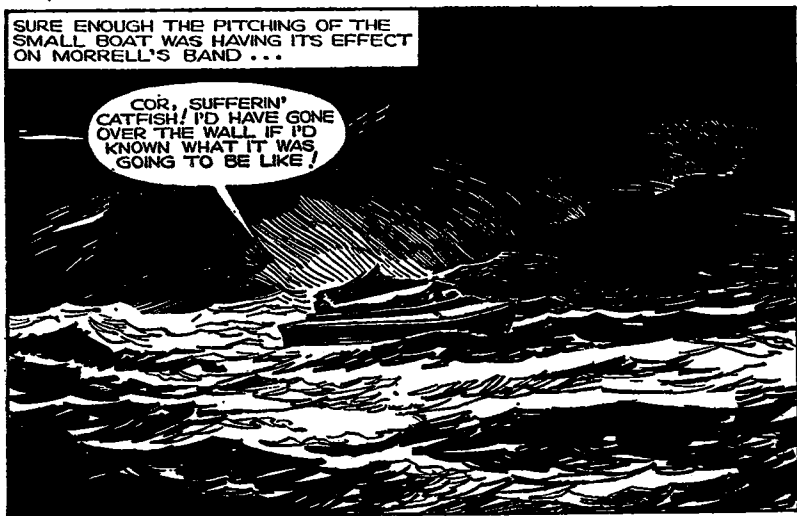
WHAT A START, JOCK!
HALF AN HOUR AFLOAT IN
THIS SEA AND SOME OF
THESE BLOKES WON'T BE
IN ANY STATE TO FIGHT.



OCH! THEY'LL BE SO
GLAD TO GET ON DRY
LAND THERE'LL NOT BE
ENOUGH NAZIS IN SICILY
TO PUSH 'EM BACK ON
THE WATER AGAIN!

SURE ENOUGH THE PITCHING OF THE
SMALL BOAT WAS HAVING ITS EFFECT
ON MORRELL'S BAND ...

COR, SUFFERIN'
CATFISH! I'D HAVE GONE
OVER THE WALL IF I'D
KNOWN WHAT IT WAS
GOING TO BE LIKE!

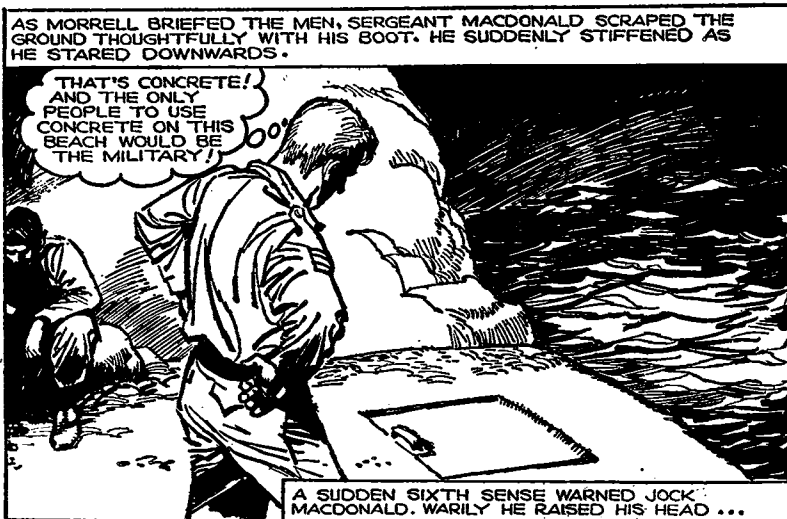


SUDDENLY, WITH A SICKENING CRUNCH, THE SMALL BOAT GROUND INTO A PARTIALLY-SUBMERGED ROCK. WATER BOILED INTO THE CRAFT.



IN THE ROUGH SEA IT WAS A NIGHTMARE JOURNEY TO THE SHORE. MORRELL WATCHED THE WET GROUP OF MEN AS THEY STAGGERED ASHORE. THEY WERE COLD AND DEMORALISED, THEIR WEAPONS WERE GONE, AND THEY HAD SEEN FOUR OF THEIR COMRADES DIE IN THE MERCILESS, POUNDING SURF.





JOCK FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING STRAIGHT INTO THE PANIC-STRIKEN FEATURES OF PRIVATE GANNING, AN UNWILLING PARTICIPANT AND ALLY IN THE AXIS CAUSE.



JOCK MACDONALD'S ARM SHOT THROUGH THE APERTURE IN THE PILL-BOX, GRABBING THE ITALIAN BY HIS COLLAR.



IN THE LIGHT OF A TORCH, PRIVATE GANNINO TREMBLED WITH FEAR AS THE TERRIBLE FACES OF THE ENGLISHMEN RINGED HIM IN.

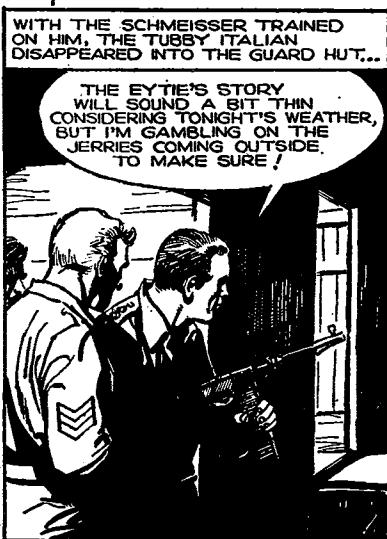
WELL I TELL YOU
I AM ALONE HERE!
HELP THE GERMANS!
IDEA OF A JOKE--TO
PUT ME ON DUTY
ONE DARK NIGHT!

IT'D BETTER
BE THE TRUTH!
NOW GET
MOVING--LEAD US
TO THE GUN
EMPLACEMENT!

11 MINUTES LATER, PRIVATE GANNINO TURNED A SCARED FACE TO THE ENGLISHMAN WHO CROUCHED CLOSE BEHIND HIM...

THIS IS
IT, SIGNORE!
C---CAN I GO
NOW?

SURE, GANNINO,
YOU CAN GO INSIDE
FOR A CHAT WITH
YOUR NAZI PALS.



THE TWO GERMANS WERE VETERANS OF ROMMEL'S AFRIKA KORPS. THEY DOUBT THEY HAD ANY RESPECT FOR THEIR ALLIES.



THE GERMAN HAILED THE FRIGHTENED ITALIAN TO THE DOORWAY AND
PUSHED HIM OUT. IN THE DARKNESS OUTSIDE HE COULD NOT SEE THE
FACES ALL ROUND HIM.



JOCK MACDONALD SENT THE FIRST NAZI GUARD THUDDING TO THE EARTH. HIS COMRADE FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING INTO A SCHMEISSER'S MUZZLE.



IN THE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWED, THE SHAKEN ITALIAN WHISPERED THE INFORMATION THAT MORRELL NEEDED...



MORRELL LED HIS MEN INTO THE GERMAN BARRACK HUT AND JOLTED THE GERMANS FROM THEIR SLEEP. THE MORE QUICK-WITTED OF THEM HARBED FOR THEIR GUNS.



FIVE MINUTES LATER THE STARTLED NAZIS WERE BACK ON THEIR BEDS. BUT THIS TIME THEY WERE AROUND AND GAGGED... EXCEPT FOR ONE MAN WHO HAD OBVIOUSLY BEEN CELEBRATING TOO MUCH. SWIFTLY, THE RAIDERS CHANGED INTO THE ENEMY UNIFORMS.



MORRELL EXAMINED THE GUN. THE NAZIS WERE DETERMINED THAT IF THEY WERE FORCED TO RETREAT, THE INVADING ALLIED ARMIES WOULD FIND NOTHING OF VALUE. THE GUN WAS PREPARED FOR INSTANT SELF-DESTRUCTION.



UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF MORRELL, THE TREMBLING ITALIAN SET THE FUSES FOR HALF AN HOUR AHEAD. THEY RETURNED TO THE SLEEPING QUARTERS WHERE MORRELL FOUND PRODGER RUNNING TRUE TO FORM—RIFLING THE BELONGINGS OF THE HALF-DRUNKEN GERMAN.



HOLDING A GOLD WATCH IN HIS HAND, PRODGER SPRANG BACK QUICKLY. HE STUMBLED AS MORRELL THREATENED HIM WITH HIS FIST.

YOU'RE TOO HANDY WITH YOUR FINGERS, PRODGER! FOR TWO PINS, I'D ...



BUT THE DRUNKEN GERMAN HAD NO TIME TO QUICKLY ...

NEXT SECOND, THE NAZI SOLDIER WAS RACING OFF ...

STOP HIM!



FOR A FEW MOMENTS, THE GERMAN MEN WERE CONFUSED IN THE HALLWAYS OF THE HUT AFTER THE GLARING LIGHTS OF THE HUT.



WITH SHOTS RICOCHETING AROUND HIM, THE GERMAN REACHED FOR THE BUTTON.



INSTEAD OF THE EXPECTED EXPLOSION, THERE WAS ONLY THE HARSH BLARE OF AN ALARM KLAXON IN THE DEADLY QUIETNESS.



WITH EVERY MAN BRISTLING WITH ARMS AND AMMUNITION, MORRELL'S FORCE RACED OUT FROM THE GUNSITE IN COMMANDEERED TRUCKS TEN MINUTES BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF A HEAVILY-ARMED NAZI GROUP.

KEEP YOUR FINGERS
CROSSED. WITH LUCK
THEY'LL BE INSIDE
THE COMPOUND WHEN
THAT LITTLE LOT
GOES UP!



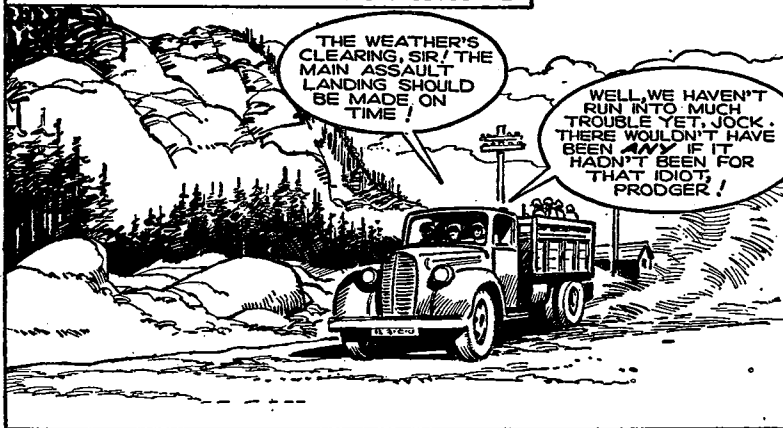
THE FIRST OF THE NAZI TROOP WAS KILLED WHEN THE GERMAN GUN
FIRE HIT THE TRUCK. MORRELL'S LUCK WAS FORTUNATE!

I'M AFFIRMING
THAT THE BUNT
WILL BE ON NOW.
JOCK! WE'LL NEED
MORE THAN LUCK
NEXT TIME!

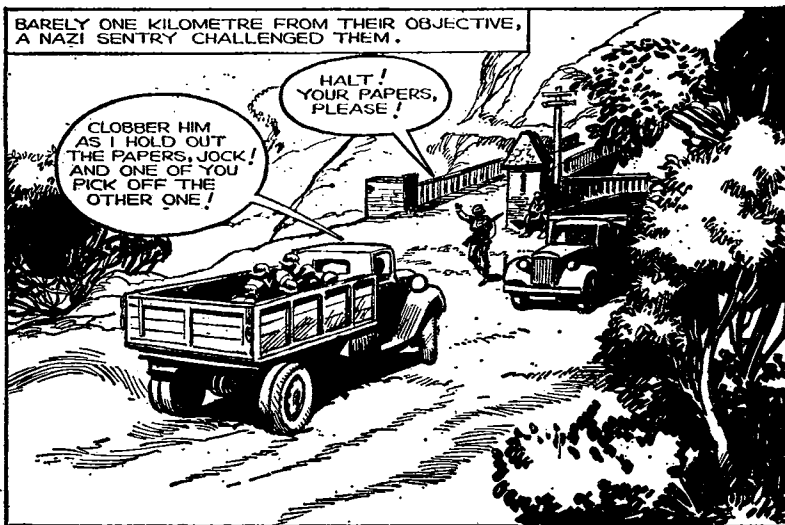


Chapter 4. *The Yellow Streak*

WITH THE SUN RISING HIGH IN THE SKY, THEY DROVE FAST INLAND TO THEIR SECOND OBJECTIVE.



BARELY ONE KILOMETRE FROM THEIR OBJECTIVE, A NAZI SENTRY CHALLENGED THEM.



THE GLINT OF THE SUN ON THE RISING GUN BARREL GAVE THE SECOND ENTRY A SPLIT SECOND WARNING. IT WAS LONG ENOUGH FOR HIM TO GIVE THE ALARM.



WITH SHOOTING DOWN THE MOUTHPIECE, THE NAZI WHEELED TO MAKE HIS LAST STAND.



DARN IT!
TOO LATE!

PAUSING ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO PATCH UP THE WOUNDED MEN, THE UNIT DROVE ON ACROSS THE VIADUCT. THEY LEFT BEHIND TWO MORE OF THEIR RANKS WHO HAD FOUGHT THEIR LAST BATTLE.

UNLOAD AT THE FIRST BREAK IN THE MOUNTAIN WALL, DRIVER! WE CAN'T CHANCE OUR LUCK ON THE OPEN ROAD!



THEY PUSHED THE TRUCK OVER THE PRECIPITOUS SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN TRACK. IT BOUNCED THREE TIMES BEFORE DISAPPEARING WITH A ROAR INTO THE DARK DEPTHS OF THE GORGE.

DOUBT IF ANYONE'LL EVER SPOT IT DOWN THERE, SIR.

RIGHT, GET MOVING! ONE HOUR'S SOLID SLOG OVER THE TOP BEFORE THE REAL WORK BEGINS!



STRETCHED FLAT ON THE DUSTY ROCK, MORRELL EXAMINED THE GUNSITE BELOW HIM.



THEY'VE GOT EVERYTHING LAID OUT TO FIGHT OFF AN ATTACK FROM THE SEA. THE LAST THING THEY'LL EXPECT IS A DEMOLITION PARTY IN NAZI UNIFORMS MARCHING IN FROM THE REAR!

YOU MAKE IT SOUND EASY, SIR!

UNFRIENDLY EYES WATCHED THEM AS THEY MARCHED ALONG THE PEBBLED ROAD THAT WOUND TO THE FIRST DEFENCE POST.



THE SENTRY WAS PUZZLED BY THE ARRIVAL OF THE UNIT. HE HAD NO ORDERS TO ADMIT SUCH A GROUP, BUT HE RAISED THE BARRIER TO LET THEM IN. THE COLUMN MARCHED ON INTO THE CAMP AND THE SENTRY RECEIVED AN UNPLEASANT SHOCK...



Storm Troop

THE UNCONSCIOUS SENTRY WAS PUSHED INTO THE SCRUB AS THE COLUMN MARCHED ON UNFALTERINGLY TOWARDS THE FINAL GUARD POST.



THE SENTRY'S REACTIONS WERE FAST -- BUT NOT AS FAST AS MORRELL'S! AS THE SENTRY SIGHTED HIS RIFLE, MORRELL FIRED ...



BUT THE BURST OF FIRE HAD RAISED THE ALARM. THE DUTY OFFICER HURRIEDLY ORDERED HIS MEN TO ATTACK.

ACHTUNG!
ENEMY ACTION!
GUARD ALL EXITS!
THEY MUST BE
KILLED!



THE SQUAD LEADER HAD BEEN OVERHEARD THE NEW DEVELOPMENT IN THE COUNTRY, AND DETERMINED TO BEAT BACK THE ALARMING INVASION.

ALL THE EXPLOSIVE
CHARGES AREN'T READY,
JOCK! YOU'LL HAVE TO
HOLD THE JERRIES OFF
FOR TEN MINUTES!



WORKING FAST, MORRELL HAD THE EXPLOSIVES PREPARED IN HALF THE TIME. BUT BY THEN THE NAZIS, WHO HAD SURROUNDED THEM, WERE CLOSING IN TIGHTLY....



THE SPEARHEAD MEN WERE WELL ON THEIR WAY WHEN A SHOUT FROM SERGEANT MACDONALD BROUGHT MORRELL TO A HALT ...



SERGEANT MACDONALD SENT A BURST OF HOT LEAD WHINING AT THE NAZIS, WHILE MORRELL LIFTED PRODGER TO A SITTING POSITION.

PRODGER'S NOT BEEN HIT, JOCK-- HE'S JUST SCARED STIFF. WE SHOULDN'T HAVE RISKED OUR NECKS!



QUIVERING WITH FEAR, THE CLUMSY PRIVATE WAS DRIVEN FIERCELY TOWARDS THE CLIFF FACE BY SERGEANT MACDONALD.

GET GOING, YOU GREAT LUMP OF JELLY!

STEP UP YOUR COVER FIRE, LADS, OR THEY'LL NEVER MAKE IT!



TWO SECOND CORP. LATER, THE CLATTER OF THE AUTOMATIC WAS LOST IN THE BOOM OF THE 4.2 MORTAR AS THE GUN BLEW SKY HIGH.

THE JEREM'S MUST HAVE TAKEN THE FULL BLAST OF THAT. WE SHOULD GET CLEAR BEFORE THEY GET OVER IT.



IN THE STUNNED CHAOS THAT FOLLOWED THE EXPLOSION, THE SPEARHEAD UNIT MADE AN UNFLURRIED RETREAT DOWN THE CLIFF FACE.

GET MOVING, PRODDER! WE WON'T WAIT FOR YOU A SECOND TIME!

TWO DOWN, ONE TO GO... BUT THE THIRD IS GOING TO BE TRICKY...

AFTER A BRIEF REST FOR FOOD, MORRELL LED THEM THROUGH THE SCRUBLAND. THAT EVENING, THEY LOOKED DOWN AT THEIR FINAL OBJECTIVE.

THERE IT IS...THE BATTERY GUARDING SUPRINA BAY! THOSE GUNS MUST BE SILENCED BEFORE THE LANDING CRAFT ARRIVE IN SIX HOURS' TIME!



Chapter 5. Overture to Invasion

MORRELL SENT OUT PATROLS. THE INFORMATION WAS DISTURBING...



Storm Troop

THE COMMANDER OF "SPEARHEAD" WAS NOT ALONE WITH HIS PROBLEMS. NOT A MILE AWAY, HIS NAZI COUNTERPART HAD MORRELL IN MIND.



AN EXCITED LEUTENANT BURST THROUGH THE DOORWAY.



IT WAS ALL TOO EASY, ALL TOO QUIET. MORRELL BEGAN TO FEEL UNEASY.

HALF AN HOUR AGO THE PLACE
SWARMED WITH GUARDS. NOW
THERE ISN'T A MAN TO BE
SEEN! IS IT A TRAP?



AS THE LAST GERMAN-UNIFORMED COMMANDO PASSED BENEATH HIM,
A NAZI SIGNALLER WAS QUIETLY MURMURING INTO HIS TRANSMITTER...



ENEMY STORM
TROOP HAS JUST
PASSED
HEADING SOUTH-
WEST!

THE INFORMATION HE RECEIVED SEEMED TO SURPRISE THE COLONEL....

SO FEW OF THEM! AND THEY HAVE DONE SO MUCH DAMAGE!

WE HAVE THEM WELL PENNED IN NOW, HERR OBERST! WE COULD ANNIHILATE THEM IN TEN MINUTES!



X MARKS THE SPOT FOR THE AMBUSH, LEUTNANT! THEY CANNOT HOPE TO FIGHT THEIR WAY OUT. WE WILL ASK THEM TO SURRENDER...



MORRELL'S TAUT NERVES JUMPED WHEN A GUTTURAL VOICE SHOUTED FROM THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT.

HALT, ENGLANDER STORM TROOP! YOU ARE SURROUNDED. THERE IS NO ESCAPE, SO DROP YOUR WEAPONS AND COME QUIETLY!



TWO SUN MAY THE CORPS OF THE STORMTROOP GROUP BLAZED INTO THE DARKNESS, INTO THE WELL DEFENDED NAZI RANKS, LET THE BURST GO OVER THEIR HEADS.



TO EMPHASISE THEIR WARNING, THE NAZIS FIRED A BURST FROM EACH LINK IN THEIR CIRCLING FORCES...



FOR A LONG HOUR, THE GRIM BATTLE OF WITS CONTINUED. MORRELL PROBED AT EVERY CORNER, BUT ALWAYS WITHDREW AFTER FINDING THE STRENGTH OF THE ENEMY. THE GERMAN COLONEL STILL BELIEVED IN CAUTION ...

BUT THEY
SHOW NO SIGNS
OF SURRENDER..
HERR OBERST!
SHALL WE TURN
THE MORTARS
ON THEM?

NO! PERHAPS
THEY ARE THE
BAIT FOR *US*!
WHO KNOWS WHAT
WE WOULD BRING
DOWN ON OUR
HEADS! WE
SHALL AWAIT
THE DAWN...



MORRELL HAD ALREADY SEEN THROUGH THE NAZI COMMANDER'S REASONING ...



THEY'RE WORRIED
ABOUT OUR TRUE
STRENGTH, JOCK. WHEN
THE DAWN COMES, AND
THE BARGES START ARRIVING,
THEY'LL MOP US UP QUICKLY.
WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME
TO GET OUT OF THIS!

MORRELL TOLD HIM, MEET THE POSITION, AND SERGEANT MACDONALD OFFERED HIS SOLUTION...



THE DESPERATE ONRUSH OF THE FEW MEN WAS FIERCE ENOUGH TO COMPEL THE NAZIS TO HIT BACK IN SHEER DEFENCE.



BUT THE OTHER NAZI CREWS DID NOT GIVE THEM TIME TO EXPLOIT THEIR BRIEF VICTORY. TWO MORE SPEARHEAD MEN DIED UNDER THE WITHERING CROSSFIRE...



IN THE NOISE AND CONFUSION, MORRELL HAD TO SHAKE THE TRUTH OUT OF WATERS...



YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS WHERE SERGEANT MACDONALD IS, WATERS. TAKE ME TO HIM!



THE ANGLO-AMERICAN LEFT, FILLING
WATERS, PAID, HE TOLD MORRELL TO
WHERE THE SERGEANT WAS LYING.



MORRELL TURNED FROM THE BODY OF THE
SERGEANT, TO FIND HIMSELF STARING
INTO THE FACE OF PRODGER...



Storm Troop

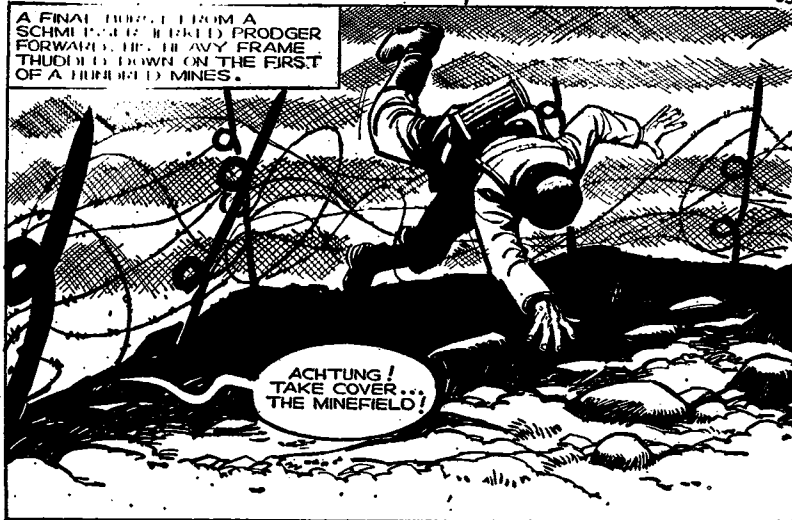
BUT PRODGER HAD REACHED THE END OF HIS ENDURANCE. HE COULD NO LONGER CONTROL HIS FEAR...



CRAZED WITH FEAR, HE RUSHED ON. GERMAN BULLETS SMASHED HOME, BUT NOTHING SEEMED TO STOP HIS FRENZIED RUSH.



A FINAL BULLET FROM A SCHMIDT RIFLED PRODDER FORWARDED THE HEAVY FRAME THUDDED DOWN ON THE FIRST OF A HUNDRED MINES.



ACHTUNG!
TAKE COVER...
THE MINEFIELD!

SOME MILES AWAY ACROSS THE SEA, THOSE ON THE LANDING SHIP OF THE INVASION FLEET WATCHED THE CHAIN OF EXPLOSIVES LIGHTEN THE HOSTILE COAST



LOOKS LIKE
SOMEBODY
FORESTALLING
US, SIR!

COULD BE
JERRY PULLING
OUT. HOPE SO FOR
THE SAKE OF THOSE
POOR INFANTRY
BLOKES!

MORRELL STARED TRANSFIXED AT THE RESULT OF THE MINEFIELD EXPLOSIONS. THE NAZIS HAD MINED THE APPROACHES ONLY TOO WELL. THE GUNS HAD BEEN BLOWN TO TWISTED SCRAP-METAL ...



SOON THE SEA WAS CHURNED BY BARGES AND LANDING CRAFT. BEHIND THEM, A DEMORALISED, SHAKEN ENEMY RETREATED TO THEIR INLAND DEFENCES ...







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